1143

VOL. I.—No. 14. MANCHESTER, Saturday, October 24, 1868. Price One Penny.

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THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

IF Shakespere were a contemporary dramatic writer, a free and independent public press would doubtless recommend to his attention that useful pruning instrument which ought to be part of every author's stock-in-trade. No writer is too great to write rubbish—as Mr. Tennyson seems determined to convince this generation—and even the immortal William was guilty of his share. Whoever has arranged *The Merry Wives of Windsor* for representation at our Theatre Royal has, by means of that horticultural and literary instrument, succeeded in making the piece play a little more closely than it otherwise would have done, and he has conferred upon spectators the inestimable boon of cutting it shorter. As it stands, it is too long. With modern audiences to deal with, Shakespere would scarcely have ventured to have three tricks played with Falstaff, two of which are very similar. To introduce him twice into Ford's house, to let his interview with Mistress Ford be twice interrupted there by Mistress Page, and once again in Windsor Park, to make Ford rush in with the same crew twice, and twice search his house—is very trying to the patience of a modern audience. At least, with so much to get done, Shakespere should not lose time at the beginning of a play. It reads as though he had loitered at first, as many writers do, under the impression that he should be short of matter towards the end, if he began to use it up at once; and then discover, as the work grew in his hands, that he had more than enough, and consequently had to hurry over some of it. In nearly all old plays the acts end very ineffectively. A situation at the end of an act is one good practice of the modern drama. We do beat our ancestors in that. The adapter has, of course, been unable to help Shakespere's deficiencies in this respect, but he deserves the credit of having made the play as decent as it possibly could be made. As for dialogue—setting aside those delicate and exquisite embellishments which critics put down to the "age" in which the man lived who, they say, was "not for an age"—there is nothing in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* to awaken any violent degree of indignation at the decline of the drama.

Managers have got into a way of thinking—not without reason—that a play of Shakespere's is a safe last resource. When their "spirit" and "enterprise" can devise nothing new, they feel that they have only to get Telbin to lend his name to a new scene or two, announce a play of Shakespere's full six weeks before production, and achieve success—together with a few compliments about bringing out the "legitimate drama." But however great be the success, the desert is often small. Shakespere's weaker efforts, unless finely acted, are insufferable. Many of the speeches of his characters are unintelligible now, unless interpreted by histrionic genius, and it requires fine acting of the better parts to compensate for the consummate nonsense of the worse. "Indeed I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift"—"One Master Brook hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack. Such Brooks are welcome to me, that overflow such liquor"—"Marry, sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford. Mistress Ford? I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford." This sort of thing may have been wit in the sixteenth century, but is contemptible balderdash in the nineteenth; and it requires much good acting to render a play tolerable of much of the dialogue of which the above quotations are fair samples. The plain fact of the matter is, that the drama ought to represent contemporary life, and that the coarse and cumbersome horse-play of olden times is no amusement for a more refined and intelligent generation. The name of Shakespere may bolster up an antiquated play, but its success is only genuine when it is splendidly performed.

With regard to the performance of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* at the Theatre Royal, we can only speak of it in measured terms of praise. Mr. Everill, as Falstaff, did not come up to our anticipations, and did not approach the character. He was embarrassed by his padding. He looked like a thing of bolsters, not a man. There was no action about him. Shakespere never meant his fat knight to be a dummy. He endowed him with human emotions. He made him greasy and given to perspiration, and one of his characters even hints that his duck in the river will serve sanitary purposes. In fact, Shakespere drew him, in the *Merry Wives*, a very objectionable old man. Mr. Everill makes him most respectable. His face is as clean and pink as a baby's. His fringe of whisker is quite white and patriarchal. What Shakespere, with his usual choiceness of expression, terms his "guts," constitute a "fair round belly" as ever "good capon lined." Falstaff declares himself "as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw:" Mr. Everill makes him as clean an old man as ever you set eyes on. Even after he has been soused in the Thames, he re-enters with his flaring yellow clothes as painfully brilliant as ever. The coarse remarks he makes sound quite out of character, and the pottles of sack he takes don't seem to find a congenial channel at all. Mr. Everill's voice is too dry, hard, and clear, and his face is too honest and virtuous. No performance of Mr. Everill's is without good points, but we feel constrained to pronounce this one, upon the whole, a wooden representation of a very unwooden character. Mr. Righton's tetchy rendering of Justice Shallow was careful and clever, but we think there was no call to make the feeble magistrate quite so uncomely in appearance. Mr. Farren, perhaps, does Master Slender as well as anyone could do him, but the part is utterly unworthy of him. One's impatience at the character extends to the character's representative; and Mr. Farren ought not to make a fool of himself even professionally. That such an actor as he should wander about the stage exclaiming in the softest tone, "O, sweet Anne Page," is as annoying to the spectator as it must be to himself. He is quite out of his element here. His costume, figure, face, voice, style, and air, all belong to a superior order of acting to that with which he is surrounded—not that we like his costume, figure, face, or voice, as Master Slender. (By-the-by, the unrestrained old Farren manner in which he blubbers out, "great lubberly bo-o-oy!" at the end, is not in keeping with his mincing manners through the piece.) It is as painful to see him at the Theatre Royal now as it would have been delightful a few weeks ago. It is a sacrilege compared with which to "rob a church" is a Christian virtue. Mr. Ford was played by Mr. Henri Drayton in a superior manner. He suits the style of the play, which few of the other actors do. Pistol was melo-dramatically played by Mr. G. Rignold. It is difficult to conceive of Dr. Caius being acted better than he was by Mr. W. Gomersal, who throws into the part an infinity of energy and life; and Mr. Gooding, who played the small part of Simple, has quite got the Shakesperian style. No remarks are more meaningless to the casual reader, than some that Shakespere puts into the mouths of his servants and clowns. It is surprising how intelligible and piquant they become, when spoken by an actor who has caught the Shakesperian air. Mr. Gooding has succeeded in doing so. Mr. Clifford Harrison—the son of Mr. Harrison, the singer—made his first appearance upon any stage, but the part of Nym is too small by which to judge him. Mrs. Henri Drayton was ill-suited with the part of Mrs. Page, and Miss M. Henderson was only creditable as Mrs. Ford. These two ladies did their utmost

with the characters, but they did not succeed in giving them that air of spontaneous merriment which is the very life and soul of the piece. In fact, the play dragged. There was much singing introduced—apparently to show the vocal incapacity of the company—which did not tend to enliven the piece, but hindered its action, and might be omitted with immense advantage. Besides, although some of the acting was very good, the players played like odd men. A scratch company they were, and like a scratch company they acted. The plot of the play is capital, and, splendidly performed, it might be a bustling comedy; but it must be played with mirth and spirit to be popular. Shakespere's most frantic worshippers must fain confess his dialogue is often tedious to weariness.

But irrespectively of that, there is something about this theatre that takes the spirit out of everything. The management, even when it spends a little money, seems devoid of judgment. Thus, in this play, it gives us some capital scenery, but it might have produced twice the effect at half the cost. On scenes that show but once, it lavishes expense; on scenes continually before the eyes, it spends neither money nor care. Of all the scenes in the play, the Garter Inn ought to have had most pains given to it. It had the least. Who ever saw such an inn? Why, Falstaff never would have patronised so cold and desolate a place. If that one scene had been made cosy and cheerful, the piece would have been twice as successful. Managers and painters go entirely on the wrong track. They don't understand their business. They spend all their labour on grand scenes, instead of making minor scenes look natural and pleasant. They sacrifice indispensable completeness to immaterial single effects. If scenic artists would give up grandeur, and set about inventing how to represent plain rooms—walls, ceilings, doors, carpets, pictures, fire-places, chandeliers, and furniture complete, and removable in a moment—the palmy days of scenery would arrive. The present generation boasts of scenery as the best feature of contemporary drama. There is no department in a more imperfect state. The triumph of scenic effect is yet to come. When Telbin's great pictures are filled up with the dirty stock canvasses of the Theatre Royal, the effect of them is wholly done away with. It is melancholy to see a noble building so wasted.

But there is another department in which the Theatre Royal needs improvement still more, and has done for many a year. This is an infinitely more important matter than trumpery scenery, and one in which there must be a reform—that is, in actresses. A theatre without a single pretty actress is an absurdity, and ought to be put down. Our Theatre Royal was not always the dreary place it is now. It used to be a pleasure to attend it. However bad the play was, or however poor the scenery, there used to be enjoyment in its performances. Simply because, not very many years ago, it had upon its boards a more delightful group of actresses than any other theatre in England could display. Not passable middle-aged women, who perform with considerable ability and indomitable industry, but handsome girls, who had to curb their spirits—or have them curbed—rather than strain them, and lighted up the dull stage and duller scenery with the brightness of beauty and freshness of youth. It is vain to hope that the Theatre Royal, or any other theatre, will equal the glory of five years ago—that once again even old women in the pit will lift up their hands and say, "how lovely!"—but there is many a girl who both could and would supply our theatre's very greatest need—a handsome actress.

A VOTE-IVE OFFERING.—Tipping a free and independent elector a five-pound note.

APOSTROPHE TO SKITTLES.—Descend ye nine!

A PRELUDE TO MR. HALLÉ'S CONCERTS.

BY a vast number of people Mr. Charles Hallé's concerts are looked forward to as one of the few things worth living for—in Manchester. Various elements contribute to their success. In the first place, they have immense merits in themselves; in the second place, Fashion has simpered on them; in the third place, the daily press cherishes a kind of superstition in Mr. Charles Hallé. While there are so many good-natured critics constantly perspiring with admiration, we propose to keep our blood below fever heat, by directing our attention rather to the defects of the concerts. It is with pleasure we admit that our notices will necessarily be shorter than those of the other side. And any irritation which we may from time to time display, must be construed into a feeling of almost jealousy, that what might be faultless isn't.

Mr. Charles Hallé is gifted with the first of all qualifications requisite in a pianist—denial of self. He renders the composer with exactness, simplicity, and taste. When Charles Hallé plays, he ceases to be Charles Hallé, and becomes an exquisite instrument. The possession of this gift of self-restraint in such a high degree may exclude the gift of doing justice to all styles. It argues a want of the impulse and quick sympathy which a perfect rendering of music such as Robert Schumann's demands. But for a conscientious and refined reading of the composer, Charles Hallé is unequalled. If you were to hear him only once, you might not feel this, but in the end he gains a complete victory. Young people sometimes prefer a more romantic style, but Charles Hallé appeals to the formed judges who like to go to the source of the stream, and test the pureness of the water for themselves. Charles Hallé's playing leaves the impression of calm and constant sunshine; and if a single murmur can be urged against it, it is that it sometimes leaves that suspicion of languor which even too much fine weather will suggest. Sometimes we get impatient, and would like him to give one good thump on the keys—just as we long for a thunder-storm or a single cloud. Under the leadership of Mr. Hallé, the orchestra has become animated with the same spirit of self-restraint, and has improved accordingly. But even the orchestra sometimes shows a want of all the energy intended by the composer.

One of the greatest mistakes made in these concerts lies in the length of the programmes. It is not entirely Mr. Hallé's fault. When an Englishman goes to a place of amusement, he expects to be entertained from the six o'clock dinner or tea up to bed-time. Now, if a digestible dose of music may be prescribed, we should say, from our experience of Continental concerts, that it must be contained in one hundred minutes. Perhaps nothing has so much tended to corrupt musical taste in England as this habit of giving quantity at the inevitable expense of quality. Who ever heard, out of England, of a monster concert? By-the-bye, does it mean that the concerts themselves, or the people who go to them, are monsters? But why trouble ourselves with definitions—both views are correct.

Charles Hallé's programmes are signal instances of English greed. They are like nothing so much as an over-laden supper-table, where hardly room is left for your own plate. Who ever enjoyed the most magnificent supper at an evening party, where you are pushed about the room with a spoon in one hand, and the bread part of a once-upon-a-time ham-sandwich in the other? In Mr. Hallé's concerts the pieces follow each other so quickly that we have no room to enjoy them. If you go to a picture-gallery, no matter how many different pictures court your attention, you can always shut your eyes and seek a little rest in conversation. But a succession of musical pieces takes you mercilessly by the ears, and no escape is possible excepting through the door. Let

a Commission of Inquiry sit upon the six oldest subscribers, and determine the number of bars which a human being, not being either an English school-girl or an Italian exile, can listen to at one time without injury.

FUN.

OF comic papers, second in point of order, and first in point of merit, stands *Fun*. There is something unsatisfactory in the name of this journal. Its title is almost as bad as *Judy*; and how bad that is we could not trust ourselves to say. We believe the name of the paper has diminished the success it would otherwise have achieved. It has not been able to establish itself as a comic authority, for the simple reason that an authority must have a name. People are slow to believe that there can be anything good in the periodical which, at its commencement, had not the ability to give itself a better title. When one quotes a witticism out of a comic paper, one naturally says it comes from *Punch*, because *Punch* occurs first to one's mind, and is an established institution, and its name begets attention and deference. But supposing one not to be such a muddle-head as ordinary folk, and to remember the precise source of one's merriment, and to desire to give credit where credit is due—why, one feels quite ashamed to say the joke comes from *Fun*. The very sound of that weak title is enough to damn the best of wit. Its mention straightway sobers the shaking countenance. The shaker thinks fifty per cent. less of the joke, nay, fancies that it might have been much better put. The name looks just as bad as it reads. We blushed, when we wrote it at the head of these remarks; and how we shall pluck up sufficient courage to insert it in our contents bill, to be exposed at all the newshops and on all the hoardings up and down the town, as yet we do not know.

Equally injurious to *Fun* as its title, is the miserable paper on which it is printed, and the ineffective design upon its outside sheet. It looks puny, as it lies upon the table. It feels puny, if one takes it up. The type is good enough, and when it was newer and cleaner, was even pretty; but the wretched paper quite destroys its niceness. This is no trifling matter. Readers are influenced by print and paper. Though it would be absurd to say that upon a journal's get-up depends its success, still the fact remains that the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Tomahawk*—the prettiest of papers—are two of the most prosperous. We do not forget that they each cost twopence, nor are we ignorant that more can be done for two coppers than for one; but there are plenty of mediums between thick yellow sheets and curl-paper; and we are convinced that better paper and a better frontispiece would add materially to *Fun's* success. A better name is certainly a desideratum, but publications—even be they Buggs—can only with great hazard change their names—even to Norfolk Howards.

But the greatest bar to *Fun's* popularity is the feebleness of its cartoons. Whether it be artist, or paper, or both, or neither, we will not inquire; but it would be better to have none at all than the poor things we weekly find in *Fun*. As there is nothing more liked by the public than a good cartoon, so there is nothing more resented than a bad one. We are sure that every week *Fun* lives, it does itself irreparable injury by the exposure of that feeble centre-page in the shop-windows. Indeed, we doubt whether it would not be good policy for it to cease to be pictorial altogether. Its sketches—large or small—are scarcely ever good; as a rule, they are calculated rather to excite commiseration than merriment. Perhaps it is the paper, perhaps it is as much as can be done for a penny. Whatever it is, it is a pity that the comic journal which is the first in literary ability should be the last in illustrative. Better is no pictorial reputation at all than such a one as this.

The moment we turn from the minor matters of appearance and illustration, to the main subject of literary skill, our comments must perforce be turned to praise. After all, this is the important point; for, popular as pictures are, it is straight-forward type that is the real field of humour. Wit is in the alphabet. And here *Fun* gets into its balloon and rises above all competitors. As poetry is *Punch's* weakest point, it is *Fun's* strongest. The term may be used even in its nobler sense, for some of the verses in this paper are true poetry—generally, of course, of a comic kind, but not that always. You will find no slip-shod rhythm, or cockney rhyme, in *Fun*. You may, indeed, occasionally meet with the opposite error of what Milton dubbed "jingling," but when people profess to rhyme, we like them to do it. If a person thinks rhyming is jingling, and doesn't like jingling, let him refrain from rhyming; but don't let him rhyme badly, and then shield his slovenliness behind a virtuous sentiment. Again, you will not find in *Fun* any specimens of that abominable laziness which makes this aforesaid virtuous horror of jingling an excuse for rhyming only the second and fourth lines. This is a most annoying habit, for it spoils any pleasure you might otherwise have in the verse; and it is an insult to you, for it implies that you are not worth the trouble of being treated to the proper number of rhymes. Of course, there are occasions when it is permissible, others where it is desirable, and some where it is indispensable to limit the rhymes to one a verse; but generally to do so shows sloth, if not incapacity. *Fun* is unusually lavish with its single, double, and even triple rhymes; but it is too apt—in endeavouring to produce these last—to amputate words, and distort phraseology: this, which is generally meant to be ludicrous, is so sometimes; but, whether it is ludicrous or not, it is nearly always jaw-breaking. These light and melodious snatches are a striking contrast to the heavy and halting versification into which *Punch* now and then breaks out in columns. Not that *Fun* does not versify by the column; but when it does, its verses are, if possible, lighter still. At this point, we must call attention to the admirable burlesque ballads which have, of late months, enlivened its pages. These, in their way, are little gems of art. We believe they are about to be published in a volume. They will make a charming one; which will afford either a minute's gratification or an hour's, according to the intention with which it may be taken up. Drawing-room tables want things of this sort—light works which can be opened at any page; divided into little doses of condensed humour, one of which can be swallowed in five minutes. Illustrations of Paris and Heroines of Shakespeare are not altogether satisfactory, and the eternal album is done to death. This will be a book that can be taken up one moment and put down the next, without the reader breaking off in the middle of anything. He will have time to enjoy not only the whole of a little piece, but the whole of a little work of art. We cannot refrain from epitomising one, in particular, by quoting its leading verses:—

MACPHAIRSON CLONGLOCKETTY ANGUS McCLAN
Was the son of an elderly labouring man,
You've guessed him a Scotchman, shrewd reader, at sight,
P'raps altogether, shrewd reader, you're right.

He'd clamber a mountain and squat on the ground,
And the neighbouring maidens would gather around;
To list to his pipes and to gaze in his een,
Especially ELLEN MCJONES ABERDEEN.

All loved their MCCLAN, save a Sassenach brute,
Who came to the Highlands to fish and to shoot;
He dressed himself up in a Highlander way;
Tho' his name it was PATTISON CORBY TORBAY.

CLONGLOCKETTY'S pipings all night and all day,
Quite frenzied poor PATTISON CORBY TORBAY;
The girls were amused at his singular spleen,
Especially ELLEN MCJONES ABERDEEN.

One morning the fidgetty Sassenach swore
He'd stand it no longer—he drew his claymore,
And (this was, I think, in extremely bad taste),
Divided CLONGLOCKETTY close to the waist.

Oh! loud were the wailings for ANGUS MCCLAN,
Oh! deep was the grief for that excellent man—
The maids stood aghast at the horrible scene,
Especially ELLEN MCJONES ABERDEEN.

"Oh, maidens," said PATTISON, touching his hat,
"Don't blubber, my dears, for a fellow like that;
Observe, I'm a very superior man,
A much better fellow than ANGUS MCCLAN!"
They smiled when he winked and addressed them as "dears,"
And they all of them vowed, as they dried up their tears,
A pleasanter gentleman never was seen—
Especially ELLEN MCJONES ABERDEEN.

This is the perfection of comic satire. How much more agreeable would evenings-out be, if all the musical young ladies and nice young men for small tea-parties would sing such comic songs as these instead of the vile lingo of the music-halls!

The next best thing in *Fun*, according to our fancy, is—no, reader, not "Mrs. Brown." We refer to the burlesques of plays which *Fun* first introduced, and which have become so popular that they are imitated by all the minor comic papers up and down the country. They are excellent. Even now that the novelty has worn off them and a sort of sameness is unavoidable, they are still enjoyable, and useful withal; for they touch off many little weaknesses and follies which would sound absurdly trivial in a serious review, and other greater faults in construction, dialogue, and representation, for which one looks in vain in what the London press is pleased to term "dramatic criticism."

One of the most interesting features of *Fun* used to be that column-and-a-bit of chit-chat which was headed "Town Talk;" but since the gentleman who writes it has adopted the wretched title he now uses, and has chosen to devote his attention to art, all art, and nothing but art, it has become one of the most dreary. It is nearly as provoking as the double acrostic. That a man who is able to write interesting matter on general subjects should elect himself an art-critic and din his reader's ears with assertions that somebody or other's "block" in the current *Cornhill* is badly "cut," or that somebody else's clever cutting in *St. Paul's* is spoilt by a third somebody's bad "printing," or that a fourth somebody is not up to her usual mark this month, or that a fifth somebody's drawing is eclipsed by a sixth somebody—or nobody—is an instance of how apt a hobby is, when once mounted, to run away with a man. At first this writer—who evidently pants to be an art-critic—timidly began with a few lines of art-criticism at a time; now he murders half-a-column regularly. This mania is absurd; for his remarks can only possibly interest that small section of his readers who both see the magazines and notice their illustrations. To sensible persons who take no interest in more or less feeble representations of a vapid man and an insipid woman doing nothing in particular, and never look at illustrations, his prolonged remarks are annoying. This gentleman has another weakness, which is shared, apparently, by all his colleagues; that is, of criticising bad grammar. Now a little of this is all very well, but even a little of it is not "comic," and when it comes to a tenth of a comic journal being turned into an English grammar, it is too much.

Papers have bad practices as well as individuals. *Fun* is afflicted with the press's worst—to wit, the habit of pandering to those mongrel creatures—"Camden-town Tadpoles," and other lunatics—who waste their worthless lives in guessing riddles, playing fox and geese, or solitaire, or draughts, or bagatelle, and rendering solutions to all the double acrostics that appear in all the comic journals: that is—shiveramercy!—shoals. Sensible readers ought not to be deprived of half-a-column of lively verse or amusing prose, and be annoyed by the ugly sight of a sprawling acrostic, for the gratification which these demented individuals experience at seeing their crazy signatures in print.

If *Fun* would do away with these absurdities, would banish art-criticisms, would refrain from mentioning bad grammar, and would clean itself of the slight taint of cliqueism which infects it, it would be a comic paper of unalloyed ability. We could wish for a little less fun and a little more satire; we should prefer a little work with the knife to everlasting play with the bells, but as a purely comic organ, it grinds its tunes with art and grace.

TOWN TALK.

IN producing *The Merry Wives of Windsor* the management of the Theatre Royal has led off with a good card, but they have finessed too deeply by endeavouring to improve the play by musical interpolations, and if they do not mind what they are about Mr. Calvert, who is about to produce the first of *Henry the Fourth*, will trump the card and take the trick. Improving Shakespere by additions is a dangerous game, and the songs introduced stop the action of the play, depress the audience, dispirit the actors, and, in short, spoil the fun. In *Henry the Fourth* Mr. Calvert will essay the part of Falstaff, and Mrs. Calvert that of Lady Percy. In this play the fat knight is to be seen in all his glory, and gives extraordinary scope to the actor. In many ways, Mr. Calvert is adapted to give, at least, an intelligent and possibly humorous rendering of the part, and no doubt Mrs. Calvert will be efficient as Kate Percy. So far, good. But we have forebodings. It is announced that the play will be produced with the whole strength of the company, and we add, we hope with a good deal more. The King, Hotspur, Prince Hal, Poins, Bardolph, Mrs. Quickley and others, are all good parts, sufficient to try the resources of any Theatre. The most superb scenery will not compensate for indifferent, not to say atrociously bad acting.

THE so-called "leading journal," which rarely deigns to refer to municipal politics, has this week supplied a very good test for the choice of municipal candidates. Town councillors, says the *Times*, "ought to be good business men, with plenty of local public spirit, above the suspicion of jobs, and with a sharp eye to discern them when they are proposed by others. They should be persons of good general knowledge, with a disposition to adopt improvements, and with an impatience of dirt, ugliness, and shabbiness within the limits of their authority." Tried by this test, the municipal electors in the several Manchester wards where contests are imminent may be honestly congratulated upon the choice before them. The *Times* goes on to deprecate the admixture of party politics with municipal affairs. This is an evil, no doubt, but not an unmixed evil. It often brings into the field men of excellent character and more than average ability, who, without this incitement, would keep entirely aloof from the management of local affairs. It has had this effect in Manchester, and in several of the wards political considerations will unquestionably operate powerfully in the determination of the respective contests. Yet if it tends to improve the composition of the Council, we are not sure that the circumstance is to be regretted. In St. Ann's Ward, the legal profession is strong in numbers and influence. It has always made a point of sending at least one legal representative to the Council. This year its nominee is Mr. Adam Fox, who, in a public capacity, is best known for his exertions as honorary secretary of the Chorlton-upon-Medlock Hospital. His opponent, Mr. William E. Hodgkinson, has been an active Radical politician. He is a gentleman of unblemished character, an excellent man of business, with "plenty of public spirit," and endowed with a pleasant and urbane disposition, which even the wear and tear of public life will be powerless to disturb. St. Ann's Ward, on the whole, is fortunate in its candidates. Mr. William Scott Brown, who contests Collegiate Church Ward with its retiring representative, Mr. George Anderton, would be an acquisition to the Council. He it was who pioneered the successful agitation against the absurd Market-street traffic regulations of the Corporation some fifteen months ago. He is, we believe, a member of the Chorlton Board of Guardians. A good speaker, of sound and quick judgment, and of indomitable perseverance, Mr. Brown is the kind of man whose assistance in the government of

the city would simply be invaluable. It is almost a pity that, to gain a seat, he will have to displace Mr. George Anderton, who, though inferior to him in ability, has, at least, worked very hard and very conscientiously during his four years' tenure of office. New Cross Ward is a *terra incognita*. Its candidates are probably well known in the ward: they are unknown out of it. Another contest is threatened in St. Clement's Ward, where Mr. John Townsend's seat is placed in jeopardy by Mr. James Robertson. Mr. Robertson has had considerable experience in public affairs, in connection with the Reform League and other political societies. This experience will perhaps not serve him much in dealing with the business of the City Council, but it has proved that he possesses good abilities and untiring energy. His competitor Mr. Townsend has not made much public mark in the Council, but his attention to that portion of the business which is not seen by the outside world is understood to have been above the average. The electors in the remaining wards are quiescent.

THE Marquis of Salisbury will visit Manchester next week, and will be the guest of the Chamber of Commerce, at a grand banquet at the Queen's Hotel. The noble Marquis will be heartily received in this City, where his abilities are duly appreciated, irrespective of all party considerations. The *Pall Mall Gazette* has fallen into a remarkable blunder in alluding to this visit. The *Pall Mall* somewhat pretentiously remarks, amongst other equally irrelevant observations, that "Setting aside mere party considerations, it is just now of the utmost consequence that personal good feeling should be cultivated between the chiefs of strong, conscientious Liberalism, and the chiefs of strong, conscientious Toryism," and again, "We hope we may believe that the present invitation to Lord Salisbury is equivalent to a declaration that Lancashire Liberalism would rather have dealings with an honest Tory Minister than with the most thorough Radical, tainted with Disraelism." Well, this is all very fine and sentimental, only it happens to be all—well, not exactly correct, and we omit the monosyllable. The *Pall Mall Gazette* seems to think that the Radical Chamber Lion is about to lie down with the Tory Lamb, and that the Apollyon Disraeli Wolf is to be chained and cast into outer darkness for ever. The simple facts are, that the Chamber of Commerce is not a political association at all, and that Lord Salisbury's visit is the fulfilment of an old invitation to him, when, as Lord Cranbourne, he filled the post of Secretary of State for India in Lord Derby's Administration, with so much honour to himself, and entirely to the satisfaction of the Chamber. The visit was postponed some months since, in consequence of the death of the late Marquis. The directors of the Chamber of Commerce are gentlemen embracing nearly every political phase. The Chamber has no more to do with party politics than the *Sphinx* has. The president is Mr. Alderman Bennett, candidate at the last election for Manchester in the Conservative interest, and among the directors, taking them in alphabetical order, are Messrs. Edmund Ashworth, J. A. Bannerman, A. Cassells, James Dorrington, Murray Gladstone, Oliver Heywood, Hugh Mason, Malcolm Ross, Fereday Smith, and others,—names embracing almost every shade of politics.

THE DIET OF WORMS.—The growing crop of cotton in America.

CURIOUS PHENOMENON OFTEN WITNESSED IN THE METROPOLIS.—A row of boxes running round the interior of a theatre!

REPEAL OF THE UNION.—Matrimonial divorce.

THE GENERAL ELECTION RACES.

THE FAVOURITES AT WORK.

SINCE we last noticed these coming events, most of the principal horses have been indulged with a rest, but as the critical time approaches they are now resuming work, and will forthwith be put through their final preparations. Nothing remarkable has lately occurred. Some few have been scratched, such as Tom Brown and his stable companion, for the Lambeth Stakes, and the Foreign Sec. for the Edinburgh Plate. The Philosopher is also very shaky for the Westminster Cup, his owner having made a mess of it by breaking up his stable, and sending horses like Podger, Iconoclast, and others, up and down the country, with credentials and money to back them. Manifestos have been issued, and demonstrations made in favour of Prime Minister and Demosthenes, who when they have finished their provincial engagements, are matched to run for the Great Government Prize, in December next. Prime Minister was at Newmarket on the Cesarewitch day with Baron Rothschild's horses, and was looking well. The following items will explain the work of the favourites in this neighbourhood.

SOUTH-WEST LANCASHIRE DERBY.—Demosthenes, after a short rest at Hawarden, has resumed work, and last week and the present, did some tremendous gallops at Warrington, Liverpool, Newton, Leigh, Ormskirk, and Southport, going at top speed. The stamina of this great horse is something marvellous, but we must say we think he overdoes it, and his exercise might be judiciously curtailed. At Warrington, while tearing along at full speed, on coming to the China turn, he swerved; he then ran on the wrong side of the Peiho post, and at the Tientsin distance he again blundered. The *Times* Jockey, Civilian, immediately got on him, and giving him a few tremendous ribbenders, he got his head straight, and at Leigh he ran over the same course more kindly. Demosthenes has been styled the modern Eclipse. We hope he may not suffer a total one in this race, but it is a fact that a horse is never so near breaking down as when he is going at full speed, and a horse that overpowers his jockey and "bolts," runs himself stone-blind and takes "the staggers." With a good deal less redundancy, Demosthenes's action would be perfect. There is still some mystery about his being entered for the Greenwich Cup, which looks as if his supporters were not quite confident about the Lancashire event. Lord Sefton's horse Greenfield is not of the slightest use to Demosthenes in his gallops, but his owner's influence may be. It is said that some of the Liverpool people will split their support between him and old Merseydocks. The ardent supporters of Demosthenes assert that the extra 12lb. which county horses have to carry will make all the difference, and that he will win easily.

SOUTH-EAST LANCASHIRE OR SALFORD HUNDRED GUINEAS STAKES.—Yates and Red Tape have been doing good work on various training grounds, and the young horse increases in favour on each trial; in fact he is the more popular of the two, and quite takes the lead. He will see a better day yet, and with more confidence will render a good account of himself. At present he is very fresh and will stand any amount of training, as his understandings are very good, and he is firm on his own feet. Red Tape's action is rather hackneyed, and although he seems sound, he is, as the phrase goes, somewhat "dicky on his pins." He does not go with that elasticity which he used to show in his contests at Bury with Bury Bob, and shows traces of hard work. Nevertheless, he is a safe horse, and will run well. The other two horses, Worsley and Snowdrop, have made their first appearance this week. The former requires very little training. His good looks are a strong recommendation, and he is strongly fancied, especially by the ladies. Snowdrop runs remarkably

raw and green, and shows great nervousness, which however may go off as he becomes more accustomed to run, or rather "read" in public. Snowdrop's owner asserts that he has always run in true-blue colours. This is news to us, as we understood that, when his sire, Old Harry, won this identical race in 1847, ridden by Espy Bobinson, Snowdrop, then known as Judd, was in the Radical stable. In the address issued in favour of Snowdrop, his owner claims as one of his qualifications that he is the son of his father, and yet Old Harry always ran in the radical colours. A horse may change his colours as well as a man, and Demosthenes himself has run in every colour under the sun, so that Snowdrop has no occasion to be sensitive on that point. He will be tried on his own merits, and much good may they do him.

NORTH-WEST LANCASHIRE STAKES.—This race continues to create intense interest in that division of the county, and the money is down to some tune on both sides. The Colonel has been to Ireland, where he has taken up his quarters in the Phœnix Park, and Knowsley has been located at the place from whence he takes his name. The issue of this race is very doubtful, although after the race there will be the usual flourish of trumpets from the tipsters, that they knew how it would be. The Young Duke has been working like a Trojan, but occasionally his friends show some signs of uneasiness, and he has declined in the betting. He stills retains his fine temper, but he does not improve in speed, and it will require all the blood and resources of the Capulets and Montagues to pull him through. He is kept very close at his work, lest he should bolt, and any interruption to his training might prove fatal to his chance.

MANCHESTER CUP.—It is now almost a certainty that the true-blue stable will produce two candidates for this prize. Two dark horses will be brought out, whose names will probably be published before this comes before our readers. Of the other candidates, the Old Harry colt has continued to do the most work; and if he does not win, it will not be for want of exercise. His owner has started a paper to recommend him, but we don't think it will do him much good. If the colt does not command success, he at least deserves it, for he does not spare himself, and is eternally at work. As we have already said, it will be a regular scramble for the third place. In fact, with such a field, and what with waiting, lying back, pulling, and dodging, it is just possible that one of the two favourites might succumb. Old Turveydrop looks quite fresh, and is well got up, and, although somewhat stiff, there is so much "raw material and staple" about him, that we think he will again get his head in front. Jacobite is also doing very well; and the little Windbag invariably brings up the rear, going in his own corky fashion. He generally runs in blinkers. Pot8os we have heard nothing of lately, which is a comfort. The race is a puzzle, and the touts and tipsters are quite at sea. A. Canvasser can make nothing of it, with all his touting; and the only hangers-on who are doing well, pecuniarily, are Bill Sticker and Bill F. Facer, who have been filling their pockets to some purpose.

SALFORD CUP.—The candidates for this race have not been doing much since we last noticed them. We regret to learn that the Stalybridge Infant is ill, and has been sent abroad to recruit. We hope, however, he may recover as speedily as his namesake Samivel did after his pummelling by Jem Mace; but, well or ill, we think the Infant will get a place. The chief interest in the contest is supposed to lie between Stockbroker and the Engineer; and they have been backed heavily against each other, Stockbroker being taken for choice. Champagne Charlie still continues to do only *trotting* exercise. He seems, however, to be all right. We don't know how he takes his corn, but he is certainly partial to chaff.

TAMWORTH CUP.—It seems the Peeler is to be opposed for this race. He is well known in Manchester, and is a relative of his present colleague, Young Sir Robert. The Peeler's opponent is Diplomatist, own brother to Pelham and Zanoni. Diplomatist was formerly for many years at Constantinople, and established a great reputation as the Representative of England. He runs in the old buff and blue colours. The Tamworth Baronet gives Diplomatist his support, so it is possible the Peeler may be defeated.

STOCKPORT.—The last time Sir Railroad was out he was stripped of his clothing, and ran in his shirt sleeves.

Tom Boshley, the jockey, has resumed his mount upon "Progress," and Will Merrypebbles is this week on "the Stump."

TENNYSON'S HOME.

DOUBTLESS such of our readers as esteem the Poet Laureate have been pained, from time to time, on seeing announcements in the papers, of the annoyance he receives from visitors to the Isle of Wight. At one time, we were told that the rare tree given him by the Queen, and planted in his grounds by Garibaldi, was taken away piecemeal, all but the stump, and it was doubtful whether the tree would live. Again, that he had to raise mounds and other artificial contrivances in different parts of his garden, as screens from the prying eyes of tourists, who wouldn't otherwise allow him to enjoy his breakfast with his family in privacy. But the most grievous announcement of all was the last—that he could bear the tourists' impertinence no longer, and had determined to remove to London, in the hope of being able to lose himself in the crowd there. All this was very sad, and caused one to reflect on the penalty attached to greatness. Of course, no one of Mr. Tennyson's real admirers would have thought of molesting him in the slightest. These impertinent people, one felt sure, were the smaller fry, inquisitive, rude people, "flesh flies," as Schiller called them, who buzz round, and try to settle on a great man, not because they love greatness or esteem him, but simply because he is spoken of in the newspapers. It was, therefore, with quite a feeling of relief that, this summer, on paying our first visit to Freshwater, we found, partly by means of our own eyesight, and partly by what we gathered from the natives, that the newspaper paragraphs above alluded to were almost, if not entirely, without foundation.

Tennyson says of his house that it is situated in "a careless-order'd garden, close to the ridge of a noble down," which is a modest way of putting it, for the house is in something more than a garden. From his hint, just quoted, coupled with what the newspapers tell us, one is led to imagine that he lives in a villa, merely, surrounded by grounds of a limited extent, and somewhat open to the public gaze. Such is not the case, however. His is a good-sized mansion, surrounded by several gardens, farm-buildings, and a small park, and not so very close to a noble down, neither; it is about two field lengths off, his own property, the noble down and all. All that we hear about tourists perching on trees and watching him at breakfast, is next to, if not quite, impossible; you hear nothing of it at Freshwater. The garden walls are so high that tourists inclined to perch would require a ladder to help them to the top; and as for the trees, they are inside a thick fence, strengthened in places with interwoven gorse, which again is planted on the top of a steep bank, so that it would require not only the daring, but the ingenuity also, of a burglar to make way through the one, or over the other. We did hear that once a lady and gentleman walked boldly along the carriage drive to the front of the house, and, after looking about them for a short space, returned; but this was the only instance, and it was considered by our informant, long resident at Freshwater, as an unprecedented piece of impertinence. Tennyson lives the life of a country gentleman of good means on his own estate. Besides the ordinary

retinue of in-door servants, he keeps a head-gardener, which will imply the keeping of one under-gardener, at least, if not more; a farm-bailiff, and he has a tutor for his two boys. He farms his own land, kills his own mutton, makes his own butter, and feeds cattle, and sells them to the butchers. It is said that he made a hundred tons of hay last year, which will give some idea of the extent of his farming operations. His grounds are large, and thoroughly secluded, which is one reason of his being so seldom seen: he can walk about on his own property during the day, and in the evening, when the tourists are in bed, or at billiards, he wraps his cloak about him, and sallies out to the noble down, thinking his own thoughts, with the booming of the sea for accompaniment. He has added considerably to the estate since he came, buying all contiguous pieces of land as soon as they are offered for sale, not a yard of which will he sell or let for building purposes; and if any speculator outside begins building, as was the case this year, to overlook him, he also begins, and builds a screen of larch poles, woven together with gorse, so that not even the bricklayers, as they build, can get a sight. We were told that, though he will not let you see him, he can look at you whenever he likes, having, at convenient places, had boughs cut off the trees that surround his house, giving him loopholes, through which he can see all over the country. This is hardly fair. We ought to get tit for tat. In his domains is a small rookery, which, some of the natives opine, will come to naught, as Mr. Tennyson rigorously forbids any shooting of the young rooks. He keeps a carriage and several horses, but does not ride on horseback. His boys, however, ride their ponies daily on the downs, or elsewhere.

Every Sunday afternoon one of two preachers takes his stand at what is called Tennyson's Gate, which is at an angle of the park, and opens from the main road to another, leading to the back entrance, farmyard, and the down. These two men take the position in turn; one draws it tolerably mild, but the other, we were told, was a perfect "Boanerges,

With his threats of doom
And loud-lung'd Anti-Babylonianisms,"

and a horrible nuisance, one would think, to a man like Tennyson. Should Mr. Tennyson be forced to leave Freshwater, Boanerges, and not the tourists, will, in our opinion, be the cause.

It is said that Tennyson likes Freshwater, and well he may, for it is one of the nicest corners in England, and the beau-ideal of a poet's home; much superior to Wordsworth's at Rydal, though that is one of the loveliest spots in Britain. But at Rydal you are shut in by mountains; you soon begin to feel oppressed by them, and in the autumn, after the leaves have mostly fallen and before the frost and snow come, it is a melancholy though beautiful place. At Freshwater you are not shut, only hemmed in, and you don't feel it, for there are boats in plenty and the world's great highway open to you, with plenty of coming and going upon it. There is nothing melancholy-looking about Freshwater. The trees shedding their leaves have no effect on the spirits; trees are not an important feature in the scenery there. Chalk cliffs surmounted by springy downs and encircled by the sea; these are features that are equally fine all the year round, and never look drowsy or melancholy at any time. Wordsworth had the advantage of living amongst the best peasantry in England, from whom he got some of his finest themes. Tennyson is not so happily situated, though probably he is indifferent, his material not being often drawn from that class. The Isle of Wight people are not admirable. They are civil, certainly, but always look as though they expected to be paid for their civility. They take off their hat with one hand and will slip the other into your pocket if they see a chance. How a resident may fare amongst them one doesn't know, but travellers in search of health or the picturesque, if they hate mendacity and wish for fair dealing, had better keep away from the Isle of Wight.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH.

AT an angle with Oxford Road and Cavendish-street stands the church dedicated to All Saints. It is an edifice constructed after a fashion not popular at the present time in ecclesiastical architecture, and would scarcely meet with the approval of Mr. Ruskin, or Mr. Welby Pugin. It is a heavy stone building in the classic style, blackened by the smoke and weather stains of nearly half-a-century, with a steeple and dome surmounted with a gilded cross. Round it, to the four streets which form Grosvenor Square, stretches the spacious burial ground, once covered with green sward and dotted with trees. The trees are gone long since, together with a forlorn hope of young saplings planted at a later date, which also gave in after a sickly struggle for existence in an atmosphere unfavourable to vegetable life. The grass is going too, and grows in patches, giving the ground a somewhat scrofulous appearance. It contains the usual specimens of monumental architecture to be found in such places; heavy tombs surrounded by barbarous iron railings, headstones that have sunk in part and lean against each other in an altogether disconsolate fashion, with here and there a graceful memorial, prominent among which is the granite obelisk placed on the north side of the church, erected to the memory of the late incumbent, the Rev. Dr. Charles Burton. This gentleman, whose name was a household word in his parish, was the founder, proprietor, patron, and incumbent of the church, and preached in it for 46 years and up to the time of his death. Two years ago he passed away to his rest, and his son Gustavus reigns in his stead.

The church was founded in 1819, and some years ago was partially destroyed by fire. It is capable of seating 1,500 persons, and, in its heavy galleries and high-backed pews, retains the features of an old-fashioned church. Internally it is noble in its proportions, the gallery and arched roof being supported with Corinthian pillars. It has a chancel recently filled with stalls, a large painted window to the east, and a smaller one on the north side. A few heavy monumental marbles, dusty and time-stained, with others containing scraps of history and names of benefactors to the church, break the monotony of the walls beneath the galleries, and scattered about are the usual texts and admonitions. The frequent repetition of the symbol of a lamb carrying a gilded cross, gained for it at one time the name of All Lambs' Church. But there is a faded dinginess about the whole, and a sombre heaviness in all the appointments that is anything but inspiriting to the worshipper. In its majestic proportions and general features it is just such a church as the one, perhaps not far from this, in which the child De Quincey received his first impressions of religious worship. In such a church, he tells us, on Sabbath mornings he listened with unspeakable delight to the chaunting of the "O Jubilate," the "Magnificat," the "Te Deum," and the "Benedicite." During the reading of the glorious litany, he was wont to gaze up at the emblazoned windows and dream glorious dreams of the apostles, saints, and martyrs depicted there. He saw them instinct with life as high in arches the tumultuous organ threw its fine melodious volumes of sound above the anthem of choral voices.

We thought of these things as we sat in one of the high-backed pews of All Saints', and tried to realise them; but, perhaps it was the chilling effect of a raw October morning, with the sombre gloom cast over the place by a rainy sky outside, or perhaps it was a total want of imaginative power that caused us to fail in the attempt. Whatever the cause might be, we never remember hearing a service in any church with less pleasure. The congregation was small in comparison to the building. The rows of empty pews looked dismal enough, though the occupied ones compensated for this in the fair cherub faces that peered above their lines. One feature of the arrangements was somewhat painful: while at least a score of pews within the range of our own vision were left totally unoccupied, several poor people were left to kneel or sit in the uncomfortable aisles.

In the free Ritualistic churches the rich and poor meet and mingle together, and this is as it should be, though even in such an arrangement there is room for pride to display itself; and we have it on Coleridge's authority that the devil's "darling sin is the pride that apes humility." But here the rich and poor meet under distinctions, and the poor are made to feel their poverty. Surely, if brotherly love and Christian charity should begin anywhere, it should be in the place where such virtues are preached. From the character of the service, we should say that, if the Church is not high, it has a decided tendency that way. When the Rev. Gustavus Burton entered upon his ministry here, he instituted several reforms, among which was the augmentation of the choir by the addition of female voices. A considerable amount of music is introduced into the service, and, altogether, with fair effect. Under the old régime the antiquated pews were bought and sold, and had as many parchments in connection with them as much more important holdings. These rights were set aside by the present incumbent and, to increase the revenues of the place, in addition to the pew rents, a weekly offertory was established.

With the Rev. Gustavus Burton, M.D., or D.D., or both, (for there seems to be some doubt from which degree he derives the title of Dr., the possession of the latter appendage being problematical) we cannot claim the honour of a close acquaintance, and as, in our estimation of men, we would not follow the evil practice of those who study character as some do books, by glancing at the title page or frontispiece, and then deciding on its contents, we will confine ourselves to the conveyance of such impressions as we have derived from a brief acquaintance. If we do not seem to do him justice, we are willing to allow the possibility of the possession of many excellences which we have been unable to discover. He is apparently of middle age, upright, with a hard, firm face, without a tender line in it. He has a strong, clear voice, and, though evidently suffering from defective vision, reads the service with clearness, but entirely without pathos or feeling. The whole service in the reading part of it was gone through in a cool, business-like manner. This reverend gentleman, we understand, has been a physician. It is somewhat of a curiosity to see a medical man put on the surplice. But this knowledge of medicine, we take it, gives him a decided advantage over his fellow-clergymen. Physiology is by no means a bad preparation for the study of psychology. Physicians and clergymen have human nature presented to them from entirely different aspects. Men's weaknesses and sins in the flesh are of necessity exposed to the man of medicine, but only the best side of their conduct is presented to their spiritual advisers. The Rev. Dr. Burton should, therefore, be able to profit largely from the combined experience, and be assisted by his knowledge of the cure of bodies, in his efforts for the cure of souls. The sermon we heard afforded no evidence of his powers as a theologian. Its chief merit was its brevity, about fifteen minutes only being occupied in its delivery. It was an extempore homily, entirely unexceptionable from an orthodox point of view, without a grain of argument, or the least polemical flavour, and as wide of the text as could well be. But as one sermon is by no means a fair criterion of a preacher's power, and as we are informed, on the authority of a lady, that he can preach long and learned sermons to appreciative congregations, we are willing to accept the possibility without seeking the proof.

In the pew in which we sat, we found a notice to the effect that a concert would be given by the choir, the chief feature of which was to be the performance for the first time of a new cantata, "Night;" words and music by the Rev. Dr. Burton. What the Doctor's power as a musician may be, we have had no opportunity of judging. We have only endeavoured to give an impression of him as a preacher. In this capacity he fails to achieve that standard for which we look in those whose priestly office confers upon them the high privilege of being allowed to hold to their kneeling flocks—

"The chalice of the grapes of God."

THE SELL OF BRANDON.

[BY THE GHOST OF FATHER PROUT.]

Mr. Raphael Brandon is the author of a new scheme of railway organisation, promising results as wonderful as ever the street seller of Bisnagar vaunted on his carpet. He proposes to treat a passenger like a letter, and send him anywhere over the kingdom, regardless of distance, at a fixed minimum charge. A threepenny stamp shall take you, third-class, any journey, in one direction, you like to go, whether from Ludgate-hill to Sydenham, or from John-o'-Groat's to Land's End. If you prefer second-class, you will take a sixpenny stamp; if you will luxuriate in first-class, your postage will amount to one shilling.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

Oh! Raphael Brandon, you've clapped your hand on
About the *quarest* of all mortal schemes,
For Colney Hatch, sure, would fail to match your
Absurd proposal in its wildest dreams.

This human postage demands a hostage,
That, in a low stage, you are not sunk;
Are not pursuing your own undoing,
Or mischief brewing, or stark mad, or—drunk.

From Wight's fair island to Scottish highland,
All sort of vagabonds unchecked may roam,
And no seclusion will prevent intrusion
When the bob-tail blackguards go from home.

Nobs will look furious on the tag-rag curious
Touring luxurious on—small threepenny bits;
Blair Athol's denizen will swear a benison,
And Alfred Tennyson have all sorts of fits.

What you mean doing deserves pooh-poohing,
'Tis a concoction decidedly *outré;*
Speaking for some of us,—what would become of us,
With such temptations laid to run away?

Brutal assaulters, deserving halters,
And base defaulters an exceeding host—
Of habits scamping, instead of tramping
Would be decamping through your Railway post.

Distant relations their appellations
Will lose all claim to in this change absurd;
And country cousins, by baker's dozens,
Turn up from spots of which one never heard;

With many a trunk'll come some tough uncle,
Who the best bunk'll in your cottage claw;
Or, more distressing, that ambiguous blessing,
A fussy, messing, meddling mother-in-law.

Oh! Raphael Brandon, you're mighty grand on
This postal project there's no sort of doubt,
But only think of, what you're on the brink of,
If all the visitors find every body out;

There'll be such grumbling at journeys humbling,
Such sulky mumbling, as back they trudge
Like a dead-letter,—I think you'd better
Your genius fetter, and—just hould yer fudge.

THE REAL ORIGINAL WANDERING JEW.—An old Jo Miller.

EPITAPH ON A LITTLE FELLOW.—Stretched at length!

THE BISHOPS OF THE FREE CHURCH.

A LETTER on the subject of the Episcopacy of the Free Church of England appeared in the *Sphinx* of September 26th. We have received from a correspondent—a competent authority—the subjoined remarks in reply :—

Little more can be done than just to indicate the principles on which the Free Church of England maintains its Episcopacy. The popular view is that which makes apostolical succession the basis. It is evident that, in the opinion of your correspondent, there can be no episcopacy apart from apostolical succession, and no bishops except in the sense "understood" the last eighteen centuries, and "acknowledged" by the Roman, Greek, and Anglican Churches, and thus by a foregone conclusion disposing of the whole question. Apostolical succession being thus the groundwork and bulwark of the popular idea, it is necessary to state broadly that the Free Church of England repudiates both the theory and the fact. It does not base its claims to episcopacy on any such doctrine. It holds that the apostles had no successors—that neither Timothy nor Titus, from the peculiarity of the apostolical office, were such; and if men ordained by apostles themselves were not their successors, much less could any body of men, in this or any former age, claim such succession. It rejects the doctrine, therefore, as impossible from the nature of the case; and it also repudiates it as being wholly incapable of proof; and in questions of this kind proof is everything. It is as easy to assume the truth of apostolical succession, as "to assume the title of bishop," and infinitely more absurd. "Can they show," it is asked with the most charming simplicity, "the link that binds them to the chain in an unbroken line to the earliest times," as if anybody could tell the inquirer or anybody else? Can the Church of Rome, herself, or the Greek Church, or any other Church?

In rejecting this figment of apostolical succession, however, the Free Church of England does not "assume the title without any claim to it," it only rests it on other grounds, and, as it believes, on grounds more tenable and consonant with truth; namely, on Scripture and the usages of the early Church. The Episcopacy of the Primitive Church was elective, not successive. Bishop and presbyter, as is well known, were originally synonymous. The bishop being sometimes the overseer of one congregation only; sometimes of more than one, and sometimes of a given district, including several congregations; episcopacy being rather the result of circumstances—a growth rather than a prescribed mode of government descended by direct authority from the apostles. The Free Church of England bases its episcopacy on this model, adopting as nearly as possible the usages of the early Church, and, like it, neither knows nor acknowledges the Popish invention of apostolical succession. Its Episcopacy is elective, one of the presbyters being chosen by his fellow-presbyters for the office of bishop, and inducted thereto accordingly.

But the Free Church of England further maintains, in opposition to *the theory* even of apostolical succession, that the *authority* of the Christian ministry is derived immediately from Christ himself, not through any succession; which authority he has delegated to neither pope, cardinal, archbishop, nor bishop of any church whatever, but reserves in his own hands as at the first, calling whomsoever he will and sending them forth to minister in holy things; and that ordination, so called, is nothing more than the acknowledgment of this authority, and on the ground of it, setting apart the individual to the office to which, it is hoped, he had been *already* appointed by Christ himself. This, undoubtedly, was the view the Reformers took of it; for they meet the candidate at the threshold of the ministry with the question, "Do you trust that you are inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon you this office and ministration?"—the validity of the ministry being made to depend on "being *moved by the Holy Ghost* to take upon him the office." Suppose a candidate were honest enough to avow that he was not moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon him this office, would any bishop ordain him? If not, then what is apostolical succession worth? and if he did, then what would his orders and ministry be worth? What validity would be in a ministry to which the man had not been moved by the Holy Ghost?

Holding these views, and they are believed to be in accordance with apostolic precedent, the usages of the Primitive Church, and the principles of the Reformers, the Free Church of England sees no necessity for renewed "consecration," the office of the bishop being latent in the ministry itself; nor for re-ordination, the validity of the ministry not being dependant on the *mode* of ordination, but on a Divine appointment.

A FALSE NOTE IN THE MUSICAL WORLD.

THE *Musical World* has paid us the compliment of reprinting the greater part of our first article on the Italian Opera. For we will pay the *Musical World* the compliment of supposing that it was not inserted merely for the sake of appending this piece of exquisite satire :—

"The *Sphinx* utters some dark and many extraordinary sayings. Will somebody expound to us the ugliness of Beaumarchais' comedy; the careless elegance of the *Barbiere;* the secret of a force which accrues in proportion to the extremity of the contrast between two things; the exact position of Flotow's *Marta;* how *Fidelio* proves that we have lost nothing by having only one opera of Beethoven's; how skilful melody appeals to the weak side of musical taste; how—but we are out of breath. Will somebody, we ask again (having recovered), unravel the mystery of the *Sphinx?*"

Observe, in the first place, the humour which has been extracted out of our name. "The *Sphinx* utters some dark sayings. Who will unravel the mystery of the *Sphinx?*" And then notice the art with which the different questions have been transposed from the key in which our remarks were written. For example, we said "Beethoven refused to write a libretto which was not perfectly pure, and for this reason we have only one opera from his pen. But it is difficult to believe that we have suffered any loss, when we remember that that one opera is *Fidelio.*" By way of response to this, the *Musical World* sings very much out of tune. "Will somebody expound to us how *Fidelio* proves that we have lost nothing by having only one opera of Beethoven's?" If the *Musical World* over-heard us say to a young lady, "It is difficult to believe that all the angels are in heaven as long as you are on earth," it would immediately ask, "How does the existence of Miss Blank prove that all the angels are not in heaven?" It may help us to realize the power of disguised satire (most successfully disguised), as well as the subtlety of the *Musical World*, if we try to imagine the success it must have with pretty women in society.

CIRCULATION OF PERIODICALS.

AT the recent meeting of the Church Congress in Dublin, the Rev. J. E. Clarke, M.A. read a paper on the periodical literature of the day, from which we gather some apparently authentic statements relative to the circulation of the most popular journals. Mr. Clarke said :—

There are published in London, in round numbers, 350 monthly magazines, apart from 70 quarterly issues and about 400 weekly newspapers and magazines. So that the serial literature of the day may be put down at about 800 separate publications, from daily to quarterly. Among serials for the educated there stands out *Good Words*—a phenomenon of periodical literature—a phenomenon in its circulation of 130,000 a month—a phenomenon in that it gives for sixpence the orignal thoughts not only of men who are foremost in the republic of letters, but it numbers among its contributors those who are highest in rank both in Church and State. Less in circulation than *Good Words*, but having their readers among the most influential circles, are those high-class magazines which deal in political and social articles with only a subordinate element of fiction. These have a circulation ranging from 10,000 to 25,000 a month. There is another and larger group of serials for educated persons, which have fiction, and that of a sensational kind, as their staple. These have a circulation of from 15,000 to 20,000. The *Leisure Hour* has a circulation in weekly numbers of about 45,000, and in monthly parts of about 55,000. The *Sunday at Home* has a weekly circulation of 40,000, and a monthly of about 85,000. *Chambers's Journal* is gradually losing its ground in the weekly sale, circulating only about 8,000 weekly and about 35,000 in monthly parts. And this brings me to point out some features in the lower literature of our time which we do not sufficiently consider. Though we may never see it, and think nothing about it, there is a vast literature which exercises a mighty and continuous influence on the thoughts and habits and lives of the middle and lower ranks of the social scale, especially on the young of both sexes. It is not possible to ascertain accurately the circulation of these "penny numbers," but I believe it to be a fact that one penny serial, of which most here I dare say have never heard, called *Bow Bells*, sells 300,000 a week; and when you hear that a circulation of under 10,000 a week pays, you see that there are ample funds to maintain this and similar periodicals. It is a relief to be able to say that this vast *Bow Bells* constituency, equal to the six days' readers of the *Times* in the aggregate, are not attracted by what is absolutely vicious. The staple of *Bow Bells* is highly exciting fiction; there are always three or four thrilling novels running on at once, and a good slice of each is given each week. Besides this staple there is some useful information, some music, some patterns of deep mysteries in needlework, and once a month a plate of the yet deeper mysteries of the fashions. Of the same kind, but with some more objectionable features in the "Answers to Correspondents," is the *London Journal*, which has suffered by the starting of *Bow Bells*, but is said still to circulate

250,000 a week. There is also the *London Reader*, with a like circulation; the *Boys of England*, *Young Ladies of England*, and many more with very large bodies of purchasers. Of the same shape, with a circulation somewhat less, 150,000 a week—with no pictures—comes the *Family Herald*—which, though dealing largely in fiction of less sensational kind, has a larger proportion of solid matter, and "Answers to Correspondents" which are never objectionable—often remarkably solid and good. But below the *Bow Bells* and *London Journal* class there is a more vicious range of fiction appealing especially to the young. In a recent article in the *Bookseller* on the literature of vice, the names of thirty-one of these criminal catch-pennies are given, and their weekly issue calculated at a quarter of a million. These numbers consist of sensational tales of the worst kind, and the vilest of all are specially issued for boys. In these robbery and murder are pictured every week, human suffering is pictured in every stage, and human depravity is so chronicled that the greatest monster becomes the hero of the filthy page. Beside this hidden and polluting stream, we have had the recent vile invention of adding the gloss of staring woodcuts to the garbage of the police-courts, already sufficiently damaging in the word-pictures of the newspaper reports.

HINT FOR THE WATERWORKS' COMMITTEE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.]

SIR,—Seeing that the notice recently affixed to all the drinking fountains of the city places the thirsty wayfarer in a similarly tantalising position to finding himself in a cook's shop with a muzzle on—inasmuch as he is invited to drink, yet not permitted to carry away the water—I would suggest to the consideration of the custodian of the fountains, as an amendment, and as more accurately expressing the meaning intended, the substitution of the inscription, "To be drunk on the premises."—I am, sir, your humble servant,

ARISTON MEN UDOR.

BOYS.—Few men who are not either very priggish or very stupid could mix much in the society of boys without feeling, though they might not choose to admit it even to their own minds, that their companions were in many respects better than themselves. As Mr. Hope puts it, "a boy has not so much knowledge of goodness as a man, but he has *more faith in it*." And that faith can always be elicited and strengthened through his affections. "Give me a boy's love or a boy's hatred, which are both open and sincere." The popular notion that they have "no sentiment and no love except for mischief and ginger beer" is one of the stupidest of popular delusions.—*Saturday Review*.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for the Editor should be addressed to the *Sphinx* Office, 14, Market Place, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

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This excellent Hungarian Wine is now greatly RECOMMENDED for its nourishing and sustaining properties. As we import it DIRECT from Hungary without any INTERMEDIATE AGENCY, and bottle it under OUR OWN personal inspection, purchasers can rely upon its genuineness.

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When we INTRODUCED this excellent BITTER WINE to the notice of the Public SOME YEARS ago, we brought it on in Bottle, but now being assured that we have made a market for it, we bring it on IN CASK, and Bottle it OURSELVES, thereby SAVING considerably in freight and other expenses, and enabling us to put it within the reach of a wider circle, by REDUCTION OF PRICE.

We would respectfully solicit the attention of MEDICAL MEN to this article, and shall be glad to show them samples.

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The MIDLAND COMPANY'S MAIN LINE TRAINS now RUN to and from the NEW ST. PANCRAS STATION, LONDON.

A New and Improved Service of EXPRESS and FAST TRAINS has been established between MANCHESTER and LONDON, BRISTOL, BIRMINGHAM, LEICESTER, NOTTINGHAM, and DERBY, &c., &c.

The following tables show the Train Service for OCTOBER.

BETWEEN MANCHESTER AND LONDON.

		a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Manchester.....	d.	6 55	9 45	9 50	12 45	3 30	3 55
Lond'n(S.Pancras)	a.	12 0	2 45	4 0	6 30	8 30	10 45
		a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Lond'n(S.Pancras)	d.	6 15	9 0	10 0	11 30	3 0	4 40
Manchester.....	a.	12 15	2 50	3 0	5 0	8 5	9 40

SUNDAYS.

		p.m.
Manchester	d.	4 45
London (St. Pancras)	a.	10 0
		p.m.
London (St. Pancras)	d.	2 50
Manchester.....	a.	8 0

Through Carriages run between London and Manchester by all Trains.

BETWEEN MANCHESTER AND LEICESTER.

		a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Man'r	d.	6 55	7 10	9 45	9 50	12 45	3 30	3 55	6 28
L'ster	a.	9 30	11 53	11 20	1 27	4 0	6 5	7 50	10 55
		a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
L'ster	d.	6 20	9 0	11 24	12 23	2 12	4 10	5 36	7 1
Man'r	a.	10 5	12 15	2 50	3 0	5 0	8 5	8 5	9 40

SUNDAYS.

		a.m.	p.m.
Manchester.....	d.	8 30	4 45
Leicester.....	a.	12 50	7 30
		p.m.	p.m.
Leicester.....	d.	1 55	5 28
Manchester.....	a.	5 45	8 0

BETWEEN MANCHESTER AND NOTTINGHAM.

		a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Manchester .....d.		6 55	7 10	9 45	9 50	11 25	12 45
Nottingham.....a.		9 25	10 50	12 10	1 0	3 10	3 50
					p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Manchester .....d.					3 30	3 55	6 30
Nottingham .....a.					5 55	7 35	10 30
		a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Not'm	d.	7 10	7 50	9 25	12 35	2 35	5 30
Man'r	a.	10 5	11 45	12 15	3 0	5 0	8 5

SUNDAYS.

		a.m.	p.m.
Manchester .....d.		8 30	4 45
Nottingham .....a.		12 20	7 10
		a.m.	p.m.
Nottingham .....d.		7 0	2 35
Manchester .....a.		11 20	5 45

BETWEEN MANCHESTER AND DERBY.

		a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Manchester .....d.		6 55	7 10	9 45	9 50	11 25	12 45
Derby .....a.		8 30	10 5	11 20	12 15	2 15	2 40
					p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Manchester .....d.					3 30	3 55	6 30
Derby.....a.					5 5	6 36	9 10
		a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Derby .....d.		8 0	8 50	10 15	12 25	1 25	3 25
Manchester .....a.		10 5	11 45	12 15	2 50	3 0	5 0
				p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Derby .....d.				3 30	6 35	6 45	8 0
Manchester .....a.				6 20	8 5	9 35	9 40

SUNDAYS.

		a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Manchester .....d.		8 30	4 45	6 5
Derby .....a.		11 25	6 20	9 0
		a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Derby.....d.		8 25	3 20	6 25
Manchester .....a.		11 20	5 45	8 0

BETWEEN MANCHESTER AND BIRMINGHAM.

		a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Manchester.d.		6 55	7 10	9 50	12 45	3 30	3 55
Birmingham.a.		10 5	12 40	2 20	4 55	7 25	9 30
		a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Birmingham.d.		7 45	9 25	11 10	1 20	4 55	6 25
Manchester.a.		12 15	2 50	3 0	5 0	8 5	9 40

SUNDAYS.

		p.m.	p.m.
Manchester .....d.		4 45	6 5
Birmingham .....a.		9 45	11 30
		p.m.	
Birmingham .....d.		1 40	....
Manchester .....a.		5 45	....

BETWEEN MANCHESTER AND BRISTOL.

		a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Manchester .....d.		6 55	9 50	12 45	3 30	3 55
Bristol .....a.		2 25	5 35	7 50	12 25	
		a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Bristol .....d.		8 0	8 45	11 10	2 25	
Manchester .....a.		3 0	5 0	8 5	9 40	

SUNDAYS.

		a.m.
Bristol .....d.		6 30
Manchester .....a.		5 45

Through carriages run between Manchester and Bristol by 6 55 a.m. and 12 45 p.m. trains from Manchester, and 8 0 a.m. and 3 20 p.m. trains from Bristol.

JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.

Derby, October, 1868.

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JOHN DEAN,
Manager.

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First-class Service and the most moderate charges.
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150 REAL CHINCHILLA COLLARETTES, all one price, 6s. 11d.
GREBE MUFFS, from 15s. 6d. to Two Guineas.
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A Large Assortment of Sable Tail, Seal, Beaver, Astracan, Fox, and Swandown MUFFS, and COLLARETTES to Match.
FUR CARRIAGE RUGS and FOOT MUFFS in great Variety.
FUR TRIMMINGS of every description.

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J. NIELD, Honorary Secretary.

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HIGHAM'S MILITARY BAND
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Every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND SATURDAY,
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DINNERS from 12, including Meat, Bread and Vegetables, 7d.
Cup of TEA or COFFEE, with Bread and Butter, 3d.
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SMOKE ROOM.
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INFANTS' and INVALIDS' FOOD.

It is invaluable (prepared the same as arrowroot), the Oswego Corn being an excellent substitute.

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Moderate Premiums. Fixed and liberal surrender values of not less than 35 per cent.—A few Agencies vacant.—Apply to
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Soups and Cold Collation throughout the day.
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Quick service.
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